

Box Canyon

Jackson C. Frank

Many days and months have I waited for the train
To leave this city far behind, seek country once again
The passengers sit talking all through the afternoon
And the porter waltzes quietly with a honey-colored broom

Well life in a box canyon, it don't get you very much
Just a lizard and the stone at where he'll sleep
I go on daydreaming though I'm really out of touch
And the soldier lies forgotten in the keep

Once I had a woman, she reminded me of the wind
And although it was an accident I'd asked the gods to win
And they granted me one favor 'fore they tore the veil away
And I don't know what I've lost or won, I don't even know today

Each day the children come and they stand around the court
Deciding what is pleasure and when to play
When I was but one of them, well I knew how to sing
Tell me what are my children to say

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